

¶ Come bring in Maye with me,
My Maye is fresh and greene:
(A subiectes harte, an humble mind)
To serue a mayden Queene.

A discourse of Rebellion,

Drawne forth for to warne the wanton
wittes how to kepe their heads
on their shoulders.



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The first of Maye.

A discourse of Rebellion, drawne forth for to
warne the wanton wyttes how to kepe
their heads on their shoulders.

A Cynill warre, doth God and man abboze,
Hit staynes the ayze, and blots y^e earth wth bloud
Hit is a plague, a pestilence botch and soze,
that eates by Realmes, as woyme cōsumes y^e wood.
Hit benom castes, as farre as Nilus flood,
Hit popsoneth all, it toucheth any wheare,
Hit is of kinde, much worse then horses beare.
That lyes in donge, where on byle Serpents bzyde
Rebellion first, sprang out of vipers seide,
And nourisht was, in naughtie canckred minde,
a lothsome lodge, for diu'llish geasts we finde,

You subiectes all, beware that snakish beast,
Which swels lyke tode, & bozts in sonder stright,
Beware ye come, not neare that Adders nest,
That heads & harts and bowells stings by sleight.
Great fame you winne, in countreis cause to feight
Great shame you get, with Rebelles for to hold,
Great plagues therof. in Bookes you see enrold.
Great wyacke & ruyn, domestike byaules do bying,
They want no skourge, that strives against a king
For right shall raigne, and rule as reason hoos,
And sway the sword, in spight of secret foos.

The other grieve, is heald with plaisters fyne,
This findes no salve. so deepe the cozze goes,

With stayned handes, and blouddye staringe eyne
This Monster great, in furre puffed and blocs:
The source & sea, from whence all mischefe flows.
And yet the Lord, that sittes aboue the starres,
Brings them to naught, that sekerth Ciuill warres
The best reward, that euer Rebelles found.
Was Tiborne threed, and hempen halters round,
Dyelles a choppe, of churlish botchers are,
That with one bloc, ends all their best knacks.

Ambitious men, that still desires to clyme,
Seditiously, do seke to pole and thauie,
And naked birdes, when beggry is in prime,
Do snatch for wynd, on soules that fethers haue,
Rebellion thus, with payned visage bzaue,
Leads cut pyze soules (y knowes not gold fro glas)
Who beares the packe, and burthen lyke the asse.
And well awaye, a rufull tale to tell,
Their fall & ruen, skarce warnes their netboys wel
Sedition is, a sicknes and a byell,
Whose breakinge out, bzinges people in exyle.

Desire of change, in thinges we present seele,
Bzaues sitting thoughts, of follies new to come,
And rouling minds, that turnes like spinning wbele
Hath great desire, to here the fozraigne romme.
And wiles the Bee, in bzain sick head doth homme
En mad deuise, the idell man is lett,
Then all is fische, that falls in fyshers nett.

That

That knack seems good, that know'ry much made of
That right made wrong, that earnest made a scoff
That tyell true, that state sharke staring nought,
And eche mans case in cruell question brought,

¶ Unbrydled will, to spoyle and hauoke rons,
And headlong hales, the hasty wittes alwaye:
And subiectes soe, the true obedience shones,
And fallcs in flame, as both the feble flye,
But when in feldc, a while these wodcockes lye,
The Princes power, their conscience pricks so fast
That courage sayles, and home they run at last.
Then sute with teares, for Pardons do they make,
And so lyke beastes, mens harts do feare and quake
God strikes þ stroke, & plukes stout stomaks downe
And with stiffe arme, stayes by a rightful Crowne.

¶ Infect the brest, with breach of promise dew,
The mind makes place, to lodge eche branch of vice
Forsake old troeth, and fall to fancies new,
Familiar fapth throw fondnes wareth nice.
Who takes delight, to cogge and foyll the Dice,
And nosled is, in cutthore whities a while,
Leaues all true playe, and pastime in exile.
When practise proud, takes place in people mild,
The Ciuill swaine, grows sauege rude and wilde.
And when madde horse, in teeth both byrdell take,
He plungeth oft, the riders backe to shake.

Breake sayth and loue, & drawe a strangers yoke
Mans folly spredde, abrode lyke sparkes of fyre:
And doth great harme, yet makes but littell smoke,
Till all our pomp, be tumbled in the myre.
Britayne bloud, marke this at my desire,
If that you sticke, together as you ought,
This lyttle ple, may set the world at nought.
If no then loke, for plague at Princes hand,
Who here is plakt, in peace to guide the land.
Your wycked wills, shall come to no effect,
For God shall saue, his choson and electe.

Though Ruts do fall, that in the clufter grue,
And goodly trees, would cleane forsake the barke:
Yet may we not, bidde kynels all adue,
Fresh buds wil blome, whyles Rook hit selfe is stark
Alas, wild heads, you know not well your marke.
You shote amis, when Rwe is drawen to eare,
And brusht the cloth, full sore against the heare.
The parne in frame, will neuer cotten well,
Whyles soule abuse, in weauers webb doth dwell.
Troth tryes out all, & shall throw time be knowne,
When Rcbelles craft, shall cleane be ouerthrowne.

In dede tis good, to draw one yoke and lyne,
The house long stands, that wone good ground doth
But for to drink, y drawgs in sted of wine: (beare,
Is madnes sure, and goeth against the heare.
Swete Appells passe, the parings of the Peare,

Ans

One perfect ditty, well seasoned as hit ought,
Is better sure, then deynties derely bought,
Unit fast the knotte, or els untwyned thred
In garments good, shall sayle the seame at needs.
Shake settled tyles, from house and you shall see,
That rafters great, and house can not agree.

¶ Example make, but of the fagot nowe,
Whose sticke fast bound, together long abydes:
Plucke on sticke sooth, and all the fagot thowwe,
In sunder shakes, and from the band hit sydes,
Where banks do bzeake, there runneth out y tides
Where Commons knit, in countrys cause & right
Where Byngs and frendes, & foes are put to flight.
Where subiects snarre, & severall wayes do bzeawe
Where god poures plagues, thow in iustice of his law.
Then rage bursteth out, and byngs in wack & rune,
And so swete strings, are wretched out of tune.

¶ Dyd Rome not rule the world at toll long tyme,
Byll hatfull hartes, dyd cryue for paynted shoes:
And haurie beads, sought further for to clyme,
Upon the splene, then subiectes compos goes,
In whose attemptes, a soze desention rocs.
For when thow wealth, & pryde in tarre they sell,
Rome was not Rome, that state became an Hell,
And Diuels swarmd, in seate where senates sate,
And turned lawes, to strife and lewd debate:
Whom long slept in place, and right was banish quite
And mused world, in mischeife toke delite.

The head thus like, the members fell away,
And every one, the other still deceaues:
The tree left bare, the sappe must needs decay,
The barke once gone, ther was no hope of leaues,
The strawe infect, the coze forsoke the sheaues.
The hyne of Bees, burd out of hony come,
The Common wealth, was banisht out of Rome.
So long as lawes, the true loue knot dyd knit,
In triumphes great, dyd worthy Romaines sit.
So long as loue, in chaynes dyd lynke the land,
In passing pomp, the Romanue state dyd stand.

This Realme of ours, had neuer yet the soyle,
Eyll cause sleighes, had seuered sheepe from sold,
And malice hore, in rusty bysses gan boyle,
And lukers lust, for gayne his countrey sold;
Till reuell came, and stately stountnes bold,
And set abroch, discord in euery shere,
The world we rule, and ha'd like Princes here.
O English hartes, let this suffice I saye,
To make you hate, Rebellion euery way.
For if you do, in fure fyle your nest,
You are much worse, then senceles bird or beaſt.

Finis. Quoth Churchyard.



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